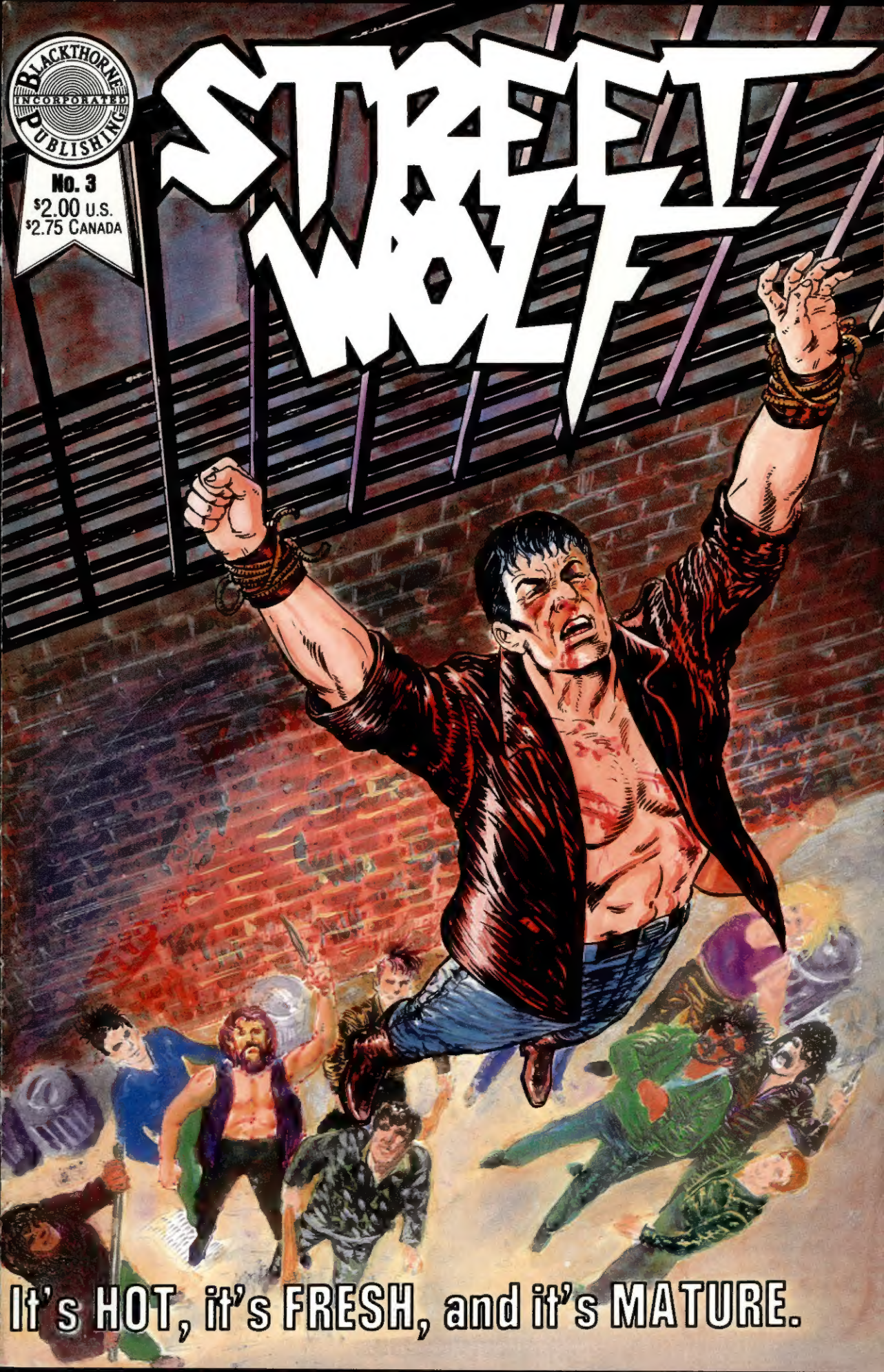
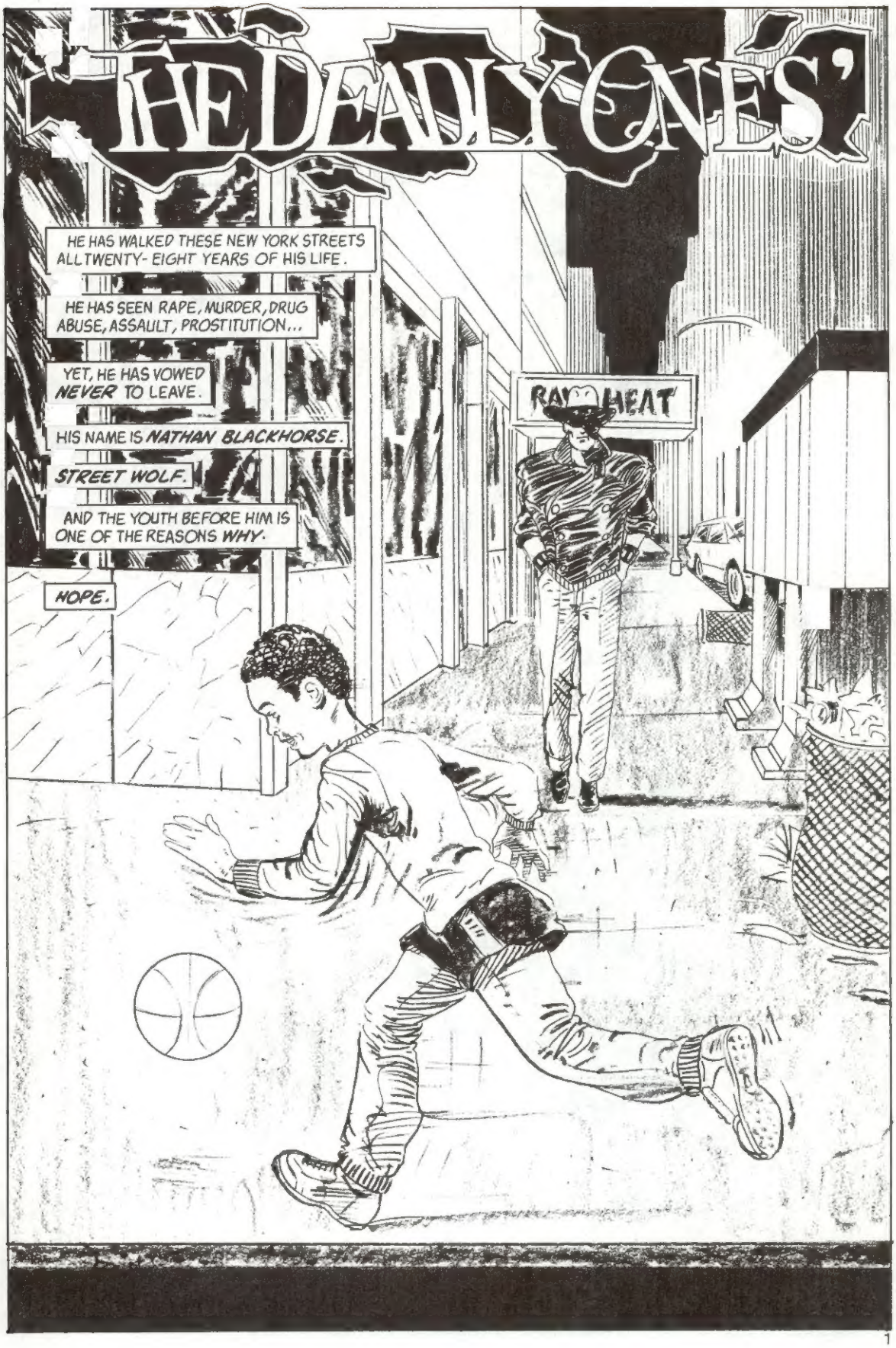

BLACKTHORNE
INCORPORATED
PUBLISHING
No. 3
$2.00 U.S.
$2.75 CANADA
STREET WOLF
It's HOT, it's FRESH, and it's MATURE.

STREETNOISE

c/o BLACKTHORNE PUBLISHING, Inc., 786 Blackthorne Ave., El Cajon, CA 92020

That's all for now.
We hope you enjoyed our series
enough to want more. Let us know, okay?
Thanks for the visit. Come back
and see us sometime.
And write.
We listen to you.
In the immortal words of *Bartles and James . . .*
Thank yew for yore support.
Best,
Mark Wayne Harris & Dennis Francis

***STREET WOLF #3 of 3*, December 1986.** Published by BLACKTHORNE PUBLISHING, INC., 786 Blackthorne Avenue, El Cajon, California 92020, U.S.A. Telephone (619) 463-9603. Publishers, *Steven J. Schanes* and *Ann E. Fera.* Editor, *Mark Wayne Harris.* Production Coordinator, *Paul Tallerday.* Production Manager, *Lynn Cobb.* Production Assistant, *David Johnson.* Circulation Manager, *Ann E. Fera.* Marketing/Promotions, *Cliff MacGillivray.* Staff Editor, *John Stephenson. Street Wolf* ©1986 Mark Wayne Harris and Dennis Francis. No part of this publication may be reproduced in part or whole without the specific written permission of the publisher and copyright holder(s). No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this publication with any living or dead persons and/or institutions is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This has been a Vertigo City Production™ and ©1986 Mark Wayne Harris. Special thanks to Dennis Francis for illustrating and coloring the cover art. *For character licensing information contact Steve Schanes.* Printed in the U.S.A.


THE DEADLY ONES
HE HAS WALKED THESE NEW YORK STREETS ALL TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OF HIS LIFE.
HE HAS SEEN RAPE, MURDER, DRUG ABUSE, ASSAULT, PROSTITUTION...
YET, HE HAS VOWED NEVER TO LEAVE.
HIS NAME IS NATHAN BLACKHORSE.
STREET WOLF.
AND THE YOUTH BEFORE HIM IS ONE OF THE REASONS WHY.
HOPE.
RAW HEAT

HE PASSES THE BALL TO MAGIC J.! HE'S GOIN' FOR THE SLAM! YOW!

THE CROWD GOES WILD!
EXCUSE ME, SON.

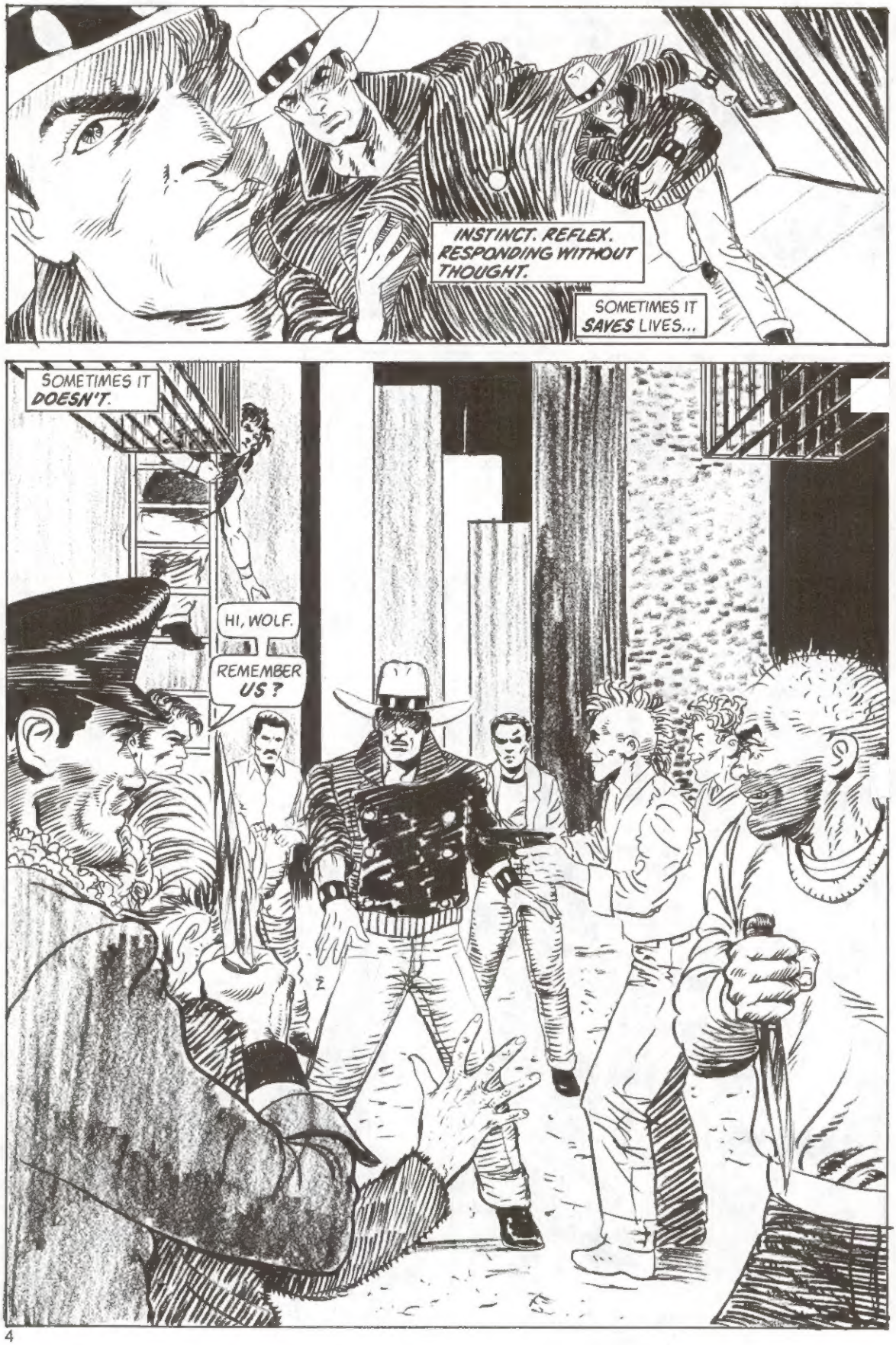
ISN'T IT A LITTLE LATE FOR YOU TO BE OUT?
HUH? UH, NAH. MY MOMS DON'T CARE. I'M GROWN.
I, UH, I THINK I HEAR HER CALLIN' ME NOW!

EASY, SON, I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU.

YOU MUST BE NEW AROUND HERE. I'M NATHAN BLACKHORSE.
YEAH, WE JUST MOVED-- BLACKHORSE? AN INDIAN?

HEY! HEY, MAN. YOU'RE STREET WOLF!

THAT'S RIGHT. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
GARY.
WANT TO BE A BALL PLAYER WHEN YOU'RE OLDER?
NOW I DO. I WANTED TO BE A COP ONCE...
JUST LIKE MY FATHER. BUT... HE WAS KILLED.
I'M SORRY.
S'OKAY. HEY WILL YOU SIGN MY BALL?
Y'WANNA PLAY ME? I'LL DUST YOU!
SURE, I'LL PLAY. SATURDAY MORNING?
HEY GREAT!
WELL, I HAVE TO GO NOW, GARY.
I GOTCHA. BUSINESS. SOMETIMES Y'GOTTA GET IN...
...AND BREAK BONES.
SOMETIMES
AND BY THE WAY, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH BECOMING A POLICE OFFICER.
YOUR FATHER WOULD BE PROUD OF YOU. THEY'RE NEW YORK'S FINEST.
THEN WHY AREN'T YOU A COP?
MAYBE I WILL BE ONE DAY.
I THINK YOU SHOULD BE HEADING HOME NOW.
HEY, YEAH, OKAY. I'M GONE.
EEEEEE!


INSTINCT. REFLEX. RESPONDING WITHOUT THOUGHT.
SOMETIMES IT SAVES LIVES...
SOMETIMES IT DOESN'T.
HI, WOLF.
REMEMBER US?

SATAN...
HAWK...
SPIKER...
BUTCHER...
BLACKIE...

AND GOOD OL' GRANNY. THIS WAS ALL SPONTANEOUS, Y' KNOW THAT ?

DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D BE AROUND. WE GOT LUCKY.
LET HER GO, BLACKIE.
DO THE LETTERS F.O. MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU ?

WRACK!
AGHHT!

WHUMFF!!

CHILL, WOLF!

YEAH, NO MOVES. WE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS.
ED'S BUSINESS.
SCARED, GRANDMA ? WANNA CRY ? WANNA SCREAM ? WONDER WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO ?

"WATCH."
HHRUUK!
YOU KILLED OUR BOSS, WOLF.
YOU BLEW HIM UP.
NOT THAT I LIKED THE BASTARD ANYWAY.
BUT Y'SEE, WOLF, YOUR REP'S TOO BIG.
YEAH. GOTTA BRING IT DOWN.
YOU KNOW, PUT THE MARK ON YOU.

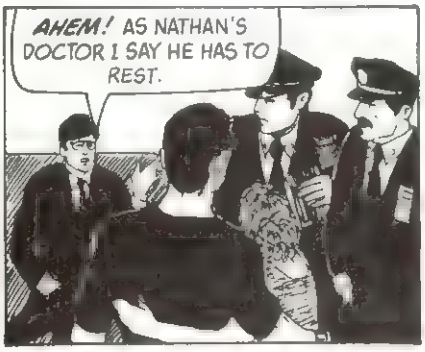
YOU'VE GOT ME, LET THE LADY GO.
SORRY, WOLFIE.
BLACKIE, LET THE LADY--
UGNN!
RRUUNNFF!!
AAGHTTT!!

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE BRONX HOME OF ROSE TYLER...

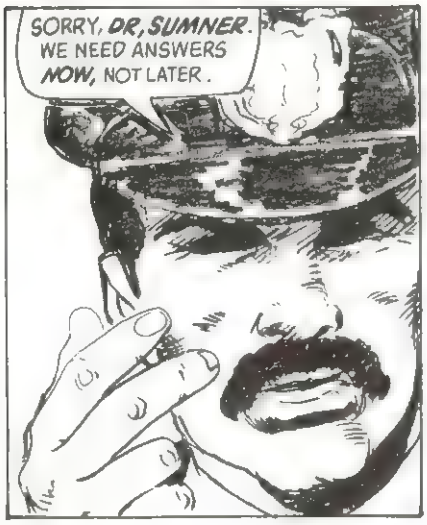
NATHAN'S FOSTER MOTHER.
TELLING US IT'S 'SOME GANG' ISN'T ENOUGH, NATHAN.
I DIDN'T SEE THEM, MUGS.

LOOK, WE NEED DETAILS, AND YOU KNOW IT!
I DON'T HAVE ANY.
ANY OTHER WITNESSES?

I TOLD YOU. NONE. WE WERE ALONE.
COME ON, NATHAN! THEY'VE KILLED AN OLD LADY!
MUGS...SCOTTY...
YOU KNOW, I--


AHEM! AS NATHAN'S DOCTOR I SAY HE HAS TO REST.

I'M SURE IT WILL IMPROVE HIS MEMORY.
QUITE SURE.


SORRY, DR. SUMNER. WE NEED ANSWERS NOW, NOT LATER.

AND NOTHING'S MAKING US LEAVE UNTIL WE GET THEM.
NOT EVEN FOR A BATCH OF MY FAMOUS PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES?
LIKE THE ONES IN THE OVEN?
WE'RE OUTTA HERE.
IF I REMEMBER ANYTHING I'LL COME DOWN TO THE STATION.

OH, YOU WILL, HUH ?
I SAID I WOULD, DIDN'T I ?
THAT'S ENOUGH, GUYS.
OKAY, OKAY.
HAVE A NICE DAY.
YOU TOO.
IS HE GOING TO BE ALRIGHT ?
SURE, SURE. THIS IS JUST ROUTINE.
SEE YOU LATER, MRS. TYLER. AND THANKS.
HE'S COVERING UP, MUGS. WANTS TO DO THIS ON HIS OWN.
I KNOW.
SO, WHAT DO WE DO ?
THE USUAL.
WE PROTECT OUR OWN

NATHAN, NATHAN, NATHAN...
IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT LOOKS, ROSE.
YES, IT IS. WHY DID THEY DO THIS TO YOU?
REVENGE. IN THE MEMORY OF ED GRAVES.
THAT MANIAC YOU STOPPED LAST MONTH?
YES, IT WAS HIS GANG.
JUST AS I THOUGHT. YOU KNEW WHO DID IT.
MICHAEL...
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL MUGS AND SCOTTY?
THIS IS PERSONAL.
'PERSONAL'? SINCE WHEN IS THE LAW 'PERSONAL' AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED?
YOU'VE ALWAYS SHARED EVERYTHING WITH THE POLICE. THEY TRUST YOU AND CONSIDER YOU INVALUABLE!
Humph! 'THIS IS PERSONAL' YOU SOUND JUST LIKE--LIKE--
LIKE WHO?
FORGET IT.
LIKE WHO, MICHAEL?
I SAID FORGET IT.
THE POINT IS THAT YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A VIGILANTE...
...AND YOU'RE GOING TO RUIN THE BOND YOU HAVE WITH THE POLICE.

DOWNSTAIRS...
HOPE I'M NOT LATE...
HELLO, I'M JOYCE PRESCOTT. YOU MUST BE ROSE.
NATHAN INVITED ME--
FOR DINNER. GLAD TO HAVE YOU. COME IN!
?
NATHAN TELLS ME YOU'RE A REPORTER FOR THE...LEDGER...
UH, COULD WE STOP STARING LONG ENOUGH TO MEET OUR OTHER GUESTS?
JOYCE, THIS IS DR. MICHAEL SUMNER AND HIS SISTER CORINTH.
HELLO, Ms. PRESCOTT.
IT'S JOYCE.
SORRY EVERYONE, I CAN'T STAY. I HAVE TO HIT THE STREET.
THAT'S OKAY.
HEY, FELLA, FEELING ANY BETTER?
MUCH BETTER, NOW.

LATER...
BEST DINNER I EVER HAD, MRS. TYLER.
OH, I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE.
WELL, BELIEVE. MY MOTHER COOKED ASIAN FOOD VERY WELL.
I NEVER DEVELOPED A TASTE FOR IT, THOUGH.
AND BEFORE ANYONE ASKS--YES, I AM HALF BLACK AND HALF KOREAN.

I COULD TELL. IT'S MOST OBVIOUS IN YOUR EYES. THEY'RE VERY PRETTY.
THANK YOU!

AND I LEARN MORE ABOUT YOU EVERY TIME YOU SPEAK. YOU KNOW...

AN HOUR ISN'T ENOUGH TIME TO REALLY MEET SOMEONE.
HOW ABOUT LUNCH NEXT WEEK?

I HAVE A BETTER IDEA.
WHY DON'T WE HAVE LUNCH ALONE, Ms. PRESCOTT? JUST US GIRLS.
WELL, YOU HAVE BEEN VERY QUIET ALL EVENING, CORINTH...

AND SINCE YOU'RE NATHAN'S FRIEND...
I'D LIKE TO KNOW YOU BETTER TOO.

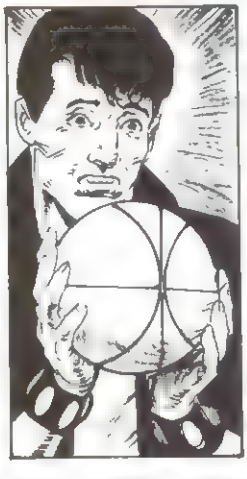
THEN IT'S SETTLED!
UH, OH YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
TROUBLE. IN THE FORM OF A GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

ELSEWHERE...
HE GOES DOWNCOURT! YOW! GOOD GAWD!
GARY...
MAGIC J. ALL THE WAY! YOW! GOOD GAWD!
GARY!
WHAP!
OUCH!
TAKE THAT BALL OUTSIDE. NOW!
OKAY!
"AND DON'T PLAY ON THE ROOF! THE FENCE IS TORN!"
OKAY!
ON THE ROOF...
THERE'S ONE SECOND ON THE CLOCK...!
SCORE'S TIED!
THE CROWD IS ON ITS FEET!
HE GOES FOR THE BOMB--!
HEY, GARY, THAT WAS SMART.
?
HOW DID-- UH, OH...GOTTA--
AW, NO!

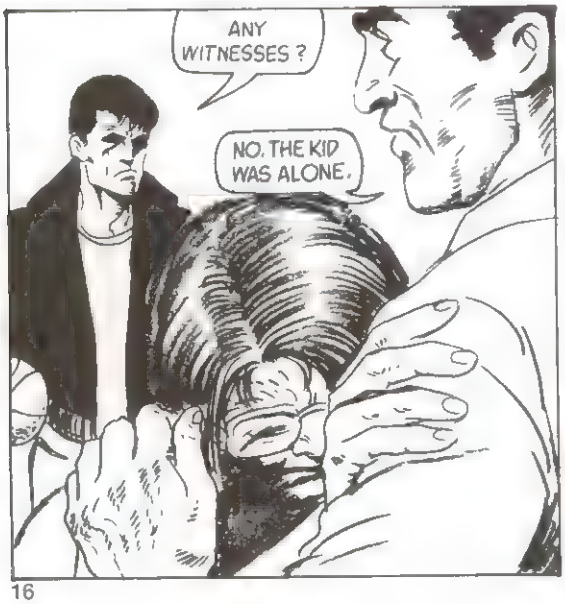
AW, MAN. THAT WAS THE BALL--
HI, NOSEY.
BYE, NOSEY.

EVERYBODY STAND BACK!
Oh, Jesus, NO!

I TOLD HIM! I TOLD HIM NOT TO PLAY UP THERE!
OH, GARY! OH CHRIST, SAVE MY BOY! PLEASE!
GARY?



LET ME THROUGH! PLEASE, MOVE ASIDE...
LET ME SEE IF IT'S...
gary.

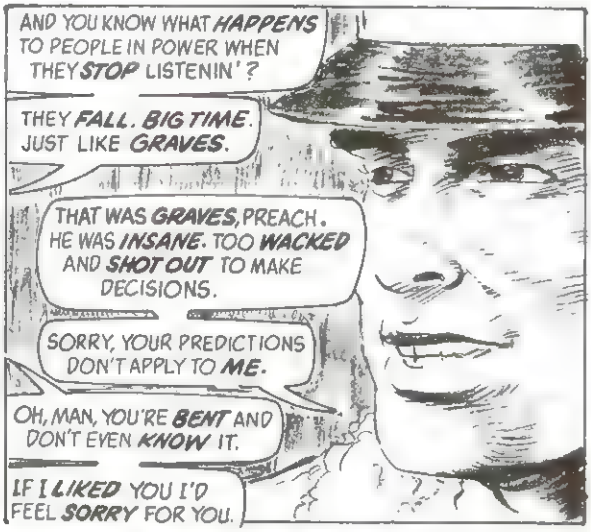

ANY WITNESSES?
NO. THE KID WAS ALONE.

HIS MOTHER TOLD HIM NOT TO GO UP THERE, BUT YOU KNOW KIDS.
IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT.
GARY MUST HAVE THOUGHT I'D BE OKAY WHEN HE HEARD THE POLICE SIRENS.
HE WAS KILLED JUST BECAUSE HE DIDN'T THINK HE HAD TO BE INVOLVED..
BUT THE AVENUES DID.

ON A SUBWAY PLATFORM CLOSED FOR CONSTRUCTION...
WE GOTTA DECIDE, GUYS. DO WE KILL THE WOLF OR NOT?
WHEN THE OTHER GANGS SEE OUR MARK ON HIM WE'LL BE LAW.
IS TAKING HIS REP ENOUGH?
WE SHOULD BE SAFE FROM THE COPS.
BUTCHIE GOT THE WITNESS.
WHAT?!
BUTCHER, ARE YOU CRAZY?!? HE WAS ONLY A KID!
SO?
HE SAW US, SPIKER. HADDA CHOP 'IM.
BULL.
YOU'RE SCREWED, BUTCHER.
YOU GUYS ARE JUST LIKE GRAVES, SO DAMN SICK AND TWISTED--
WHOP!
HEY, HEY, BUTCHIE-- CALM DOWN, PREACHER'S FAMILY.
FOR NOW.
BUT THE ISSUE HERE IS BLACKHORSE. THAT GUY'S LIKE A FLY--IT WON'T GO AWAY UNLESS YOU KILL IT!

I SAY WE KILL IT ANYONE BESIDES SPIKER AND PREACH OBJECT ?
NOT ME. HE'S BEEN ON OUR BACKS FOR YEARS. I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK TO JAIL.
IF HE'S DEAD HE CAN'T SEND US UP NO MORE.
I DON'T KNOW, SATAN THAT GUY'S TOUGH. KILLIN' 'IM WON'T BE EASY.
BUT WHAT THE HELL, I'M DOWN FOR TRYIN'!

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, HAWK.
BLACKIE, I'M TELLING YOU--TAKING THE WOLF'S REP WAS ENOUGH.
LET'S JUST EXPAND OUR TURF, BRING IN SOME NEW BLOOD.
SAVE IT, SPIKER, HE ISN'T LISTENIN'.


AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE IN POWER WHEN THEY STOP LISTENIN'?
THEY FALL. BIG TIME. JUST LIKE GRAVES.
THAT WAS GRAVES, PREACH. HE WAS INSANE. TOO WACKED AND SHOT OUT TO MAKE DECISIONS.
SORRY, YOUR PREDICTIONS DON'T APPLY TO ME.
OH, MAN, YOU'RE BENT AND DON'T EVEN KNOW IT.
IF I LIKED YOU I'D FEEL SORRY FOR YOU.

YOU THINK YOU'RE HOT 'CAUSE YOU GOT LUCKY AND CAUGHT THE WOLF LAST WEEK.
BUT THAT WAS LUCK AND WON'T WORK TWICE.
YOU THINK YOU'RE HOT 'CAUSE YOU HAVE WEAPONS STOCKED.
BUT BLACKHORSE IS TIGHT AS ALL HELL WITH THE COPS AND THEY'LL BE IN ON THIS.
YOU CAN'T MATCH THAT KIND OF CLOUT. YOU'RE GONNA DIE, BLACKIE. YOU AND EVERYBODY WHO FOLLOWS YOU IS GONNA DIE BLOODY.

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE.
WE'LL MEET SATURDAY NIGHT, USUAL TIME, TO DECIDE ABOUT BLACKHORSE.
ANYONE WHO DOESN'T SHOW--

...'AIN'T FAMILY.'
LIKE I REALLY CARE
EASY, PREACH.
CLOSED M.Y.T.A.
PREACHER'S RIGHT ABOUT THE WITNESS, SATAN.
GIMME A BREAK. WHAT'S ONE LESS KID.
IT'S GOTTEN OUT OF HAND.
I KNOW. I JOINED THE AVES FOR MY OWN PROTECTION.
SURE, I'VE DONE SOME BAD THINGS... BUT KILLIN' KIDS IS WHERE I DRAW THE LINE.
IF WE AIN'T FAMILY WE'VE GOT TO WATCH EACH OTHER'S BACKS.
EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF, JUST LIKE BEFORE.
YOU GOT IT.
LATER, SPIKER.
LATER, PREACH.
Oof!
START PREACHING.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, A FEW DAYS LATER...
SO TELL ME, CORINTH, HAVE YOU KNOWN NATHAN LONG?
YES, SINCE KINDERGARTEN.
REALLY? SO, UM, I GUESS YOU... KNOW A LOT ABOUT HIM.

THAT FOLLOWS, I SUPPOSE.
WELL, I'VE ONLY KNOWN HIM ABOUT THREE MONTHS.
I'D APPRECIATE ANY-THING YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT HIM. PARTICULARLY ABOUT HIS FATHER.
SORRY, Ms. PRESCOTT. I CAN'T DO THAT.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WE'RE VERY CLOSE, HE WON'T MIND. OR...DON'T YOU KNOW ANYTHING?
OF COURSE I DO. I WAS PRACTICALLY THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED.
OH? WHEN WHAT HAPPENED?
WHY DON'T WE GO TO THE BUCKET OF BLOOD AND TALK THERE. I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE BEEN KNOWN TO DRINK...
EVERY NOW AND THEN.
UH, SURE. IF YOU WANT. AND PLEASE, CALL ME JOYCE.

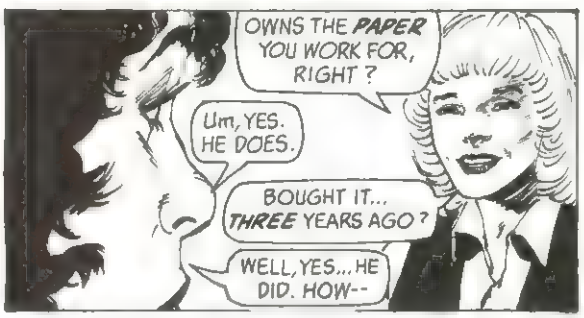
NICE GOING, KID. NEXT TIME LISTEN TO YOUR INSTINCTS.
YOU KNEW YOU SHOULD HAVE QUESTIONED MICHAEL. THOSE EVIL LOOKS AT ROSE'S HOUSE WEREN'T YOUR IMAGINATION.
THAT GIRL IS AS JEALOUS AS THEY GET.

I DOUBT IF NATHAN'S EVEN AWARE OF IT.
GETTING INFORMATION ON HIM IS GOING TO BE HARDER THAN I THOUGHT. HOW CAN I FIND OUT ANYTHING...
IF HE REFUSES TO TALK AND NO ONE ELSE WILL EITHER?
I HOPE TRAFFIC ISN'T TOO BAD, Ms. PRESCOTT. I GUESS YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO GET DOWN TO THE BUCKET.
I'M NOT AN ALCOHOLIC, Miss SUMNER.
I DON'T RECALL SAYING YOU WERE, Ms. PRESCOTT.
oh, brother...

WHAT'LL YA HAVE, LADIES? JOYCE?
I'LL HAVE A DOUBLE-- UM... LEMONADE?
AND CORY?
JUST WATER, SLACK. THANK YOU.
BUCK BLOOD

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A REPORTER, Ms. PRESCOTT?
THREE YEARS.

THANKS, SLACK. NOW, YOUR FATHER IS...?
GORDON PRESCOTT. HE'S A BUSINESSMAN, YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF HIM.
I HAVE.


OWNS THE PAPER YOU WORK FOR, RIGHT?
Um, YES. HE DOES.
BOUGHT IT... THREE YEARS AGO?
WELL, YES... HE DID. HOW--

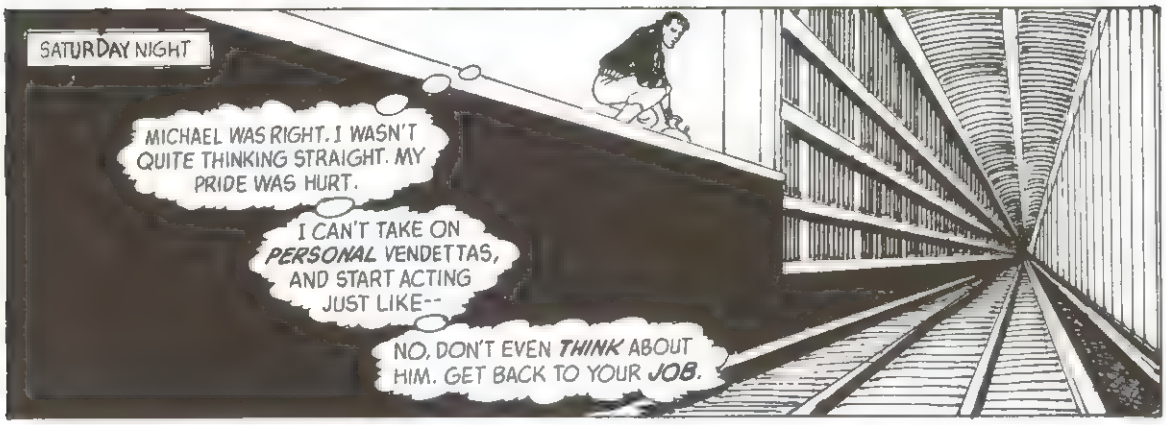
THINK THE WOLF'S GONNA SURVIVE, SPIKER?

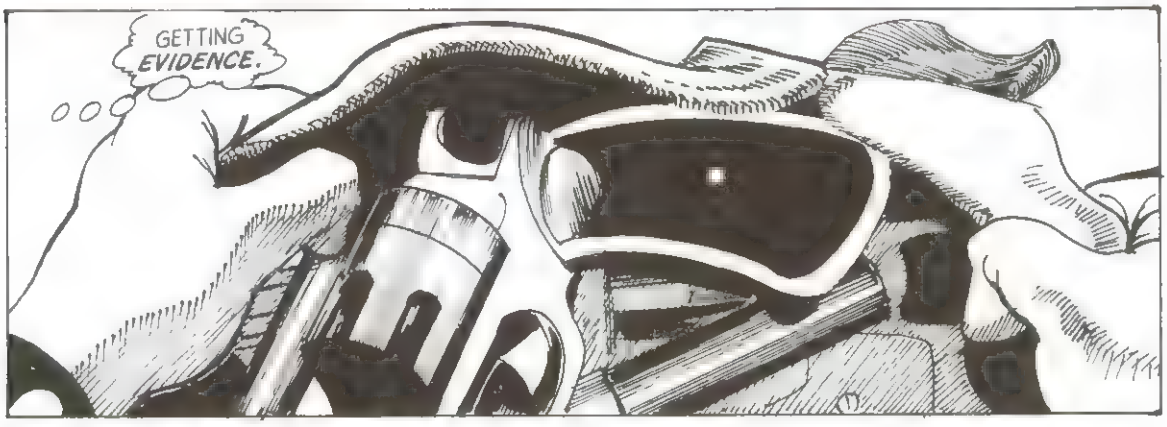
IS SOMETHING WRONG?
HE'S PRETTY TOUGH, YOU KNOW.
NO WAY IN HELL, PREACHER. HE'S DEAD.

SO WHAT DO WE DO? JUST MIND OUR BUSINESS?
YOU GOT IT.

BLACK HORSE IS GOING DOWN TONITE.

AND NO ONE CAN DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.


SATURDAY NIGHT
MICHAEL WAS RIGHT. I WASN'T QUITE THINKING STRAIGHT. MY PRIDE WAS HURT.
I CAN'T TAKE ON *PERSONAL* VENDETTAS, AND START ACTING JUST LIKE--
NO, DON'T EVEN *THINK* ABOUT HIM. GET BACK TO YOUR *JOB*.


GETTING *EVIDENCE*.

AND THERE'S *ANOTHER*. *TWO* BAGS OF MURDER WEAPONS *COVERED* WITH *FINGER-PRINTS*...
SHOULD MAKE *NEAL* IN *BALLISTICS* VERY HAPPY...

AND PUT *MOST* OF THE AVENUES AWAY FOR A *LONG TIME*.

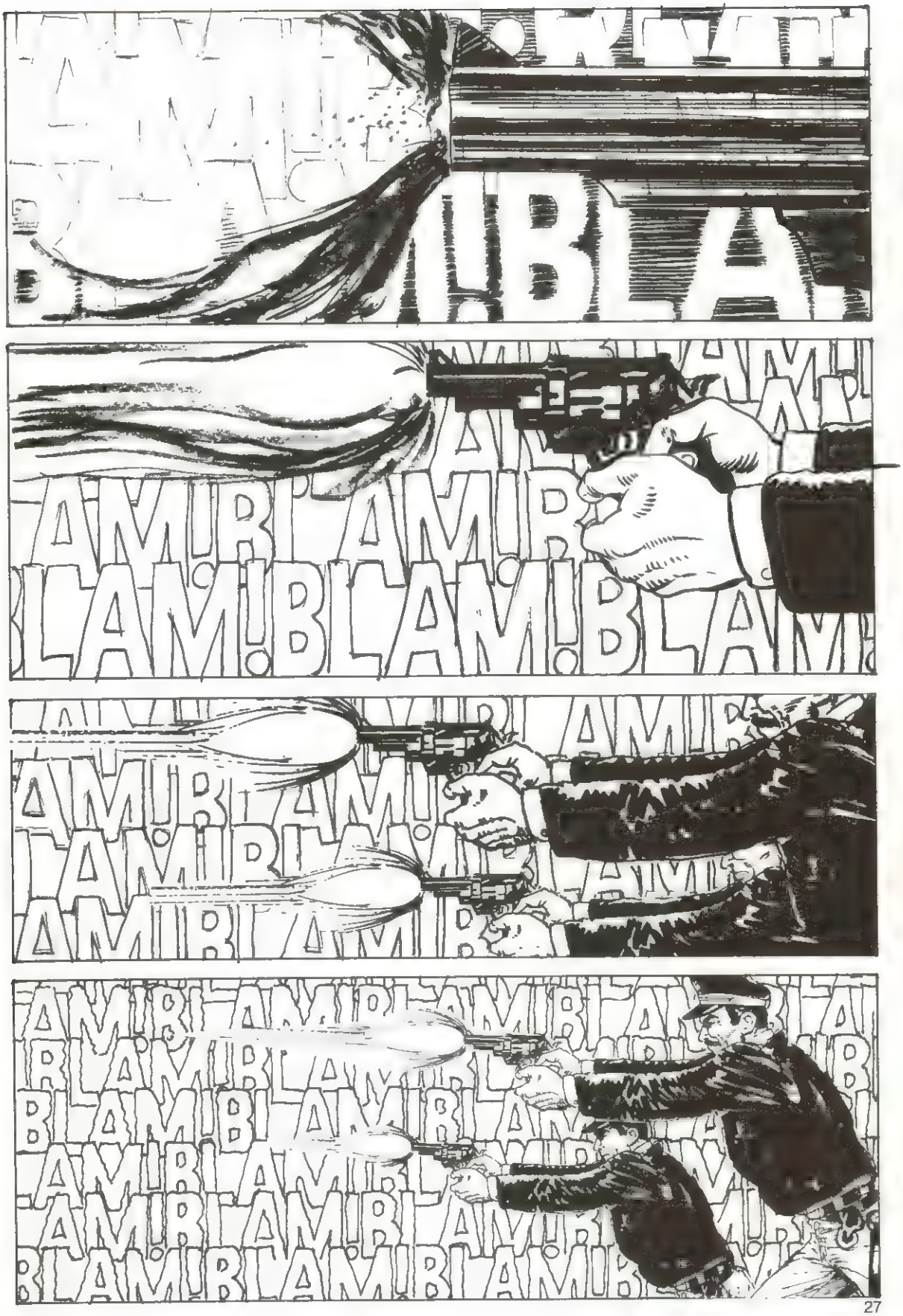
BLACKIE'S SMARTER THAN GRAVES WAS. NOT AS CRAZY. THE AVENUES HAVE A BIG REP AFTER MARKING ME FOR A WEEK.
I NEED *MY* REP *BACK*, I *AVOID* VIOLENCE BECAUSE OF IT.
BUT THERE'S NO WAY I CAN *MINIMIZE* THE VIOLENCE *TONIGHT*. I COULD DIE, BUT I *HAVE* TO DO IT THIS WAY.
IT *IS* PERSONAL, BUT NOT THE WAY *MICHAEL* THOUGHT. AND NO ONE UNDERSTANDS.
EXEPT *GARY*. 'SOMETIMES Y'GOTTA GET IN AND *BREAK BONES*.'

BUTCHER, SATAN, I GUESS WE'RE THE ONLY ONES STILL AVES.
I VOTE WE KILL THE WOLF. WE'LL RULE THIS CITY
SECOND
THIRD.
WHOP!
JUST TALKIN' ABOUT YOU.
I KNOW
STUPID MOVE, WOLF.
WE'LL SEE. LET'S GET STARTED.
WHOK!
CHOK!
ugf!

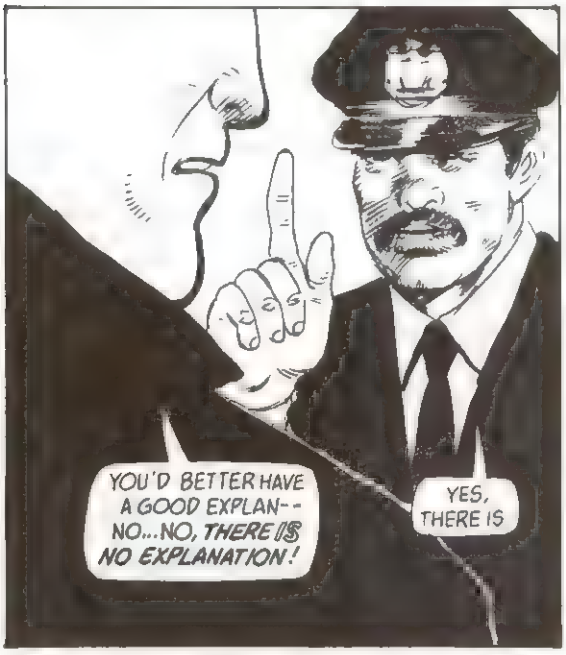
KRAK
WHAM!
Ooofff!
uuuhhh...
KLUD!
UGHFF!

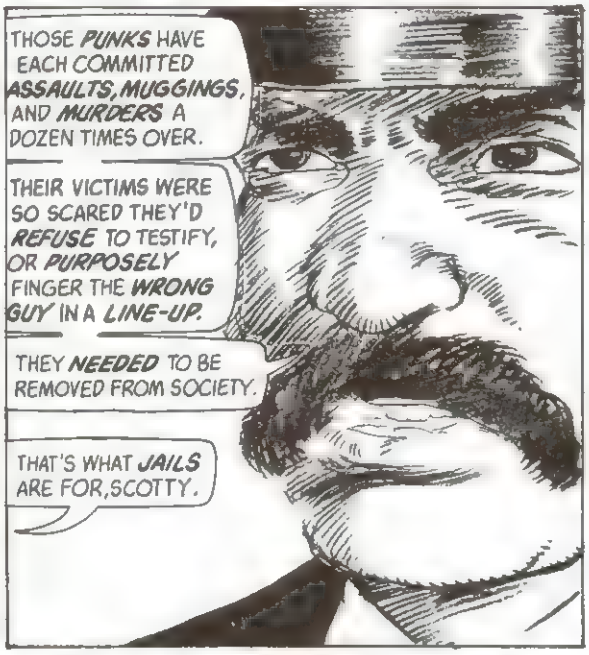
RRRRAAAAAHHH!!
RUMBLERUM
Ooofff!
Whumph!
LERUMBLERI
THE TRAIN...
RUMBLE
CAN'T... TELL WHICH TRACK IT'S ON... OR HOW CLOSE. DON'T WANT TO KILL HIM... GOT TO THROW HIM CLEAR...
BUT HE WON'T-- LET--UP!
!
BLA
HOOOOOOVVVVKKK!!!

TRAIN CAUGHT BUTCHER'S LEGS. GOT TO WRAP THIS UP AND GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL.
ONE MORE. FUMBLING WITH THE SAFETY...
Exit
Exit
NATHAN, DUCK!

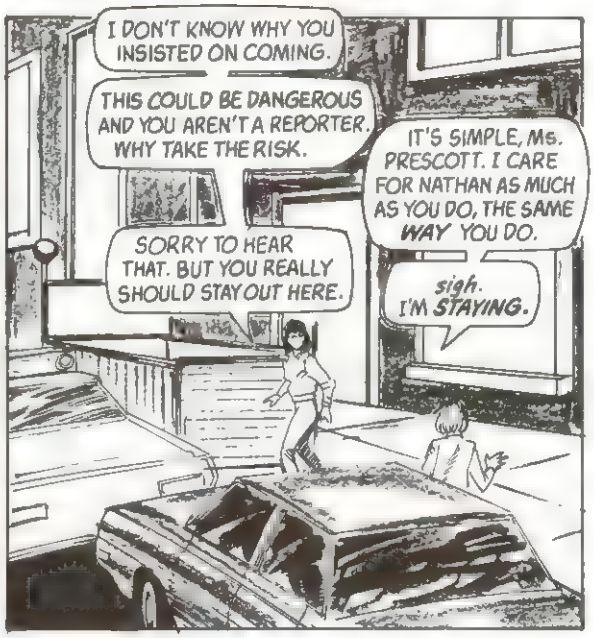

BLAM!
BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!
BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

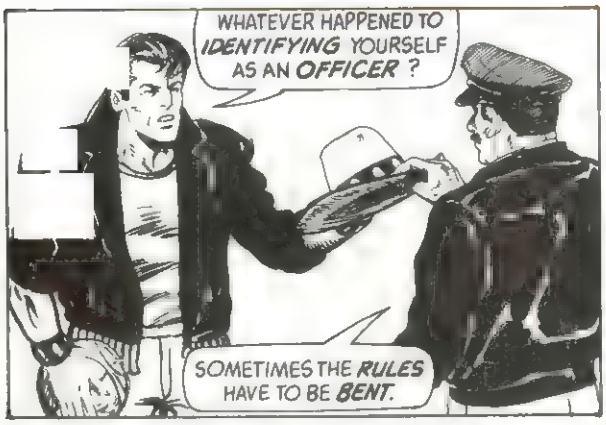
NATHAN, ARE YOU OKAY ? ARE YOU HURT ?
SCOTTY, MUGS... WHAT... WHY... WHAT ARE YOU--
SAVING YOUR LIFE. WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
WHAT AM I -- WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING ?!?


YOU'D BETTER HAVE A GOOD EXPLAN-- NO...NO, THERE IS NO EXPLANATION!
YES, THERE IS


THOSE PUNKS HAVE EACH COMMITTED ASSAULTS, MUGGINGS, AND MURDERS A DOZEN TIMES OVER.
THEIR VICTIMS WERE SO SCARED THEY'D REFUSE TO TESTIFY, OR PURPOSELY FINGER THE WRONG GUY IN A LINE-UP.
THEY NEEDED TO BE REMOVED FROM SOCIETY.
THAT'S WHAT JAILS ARE FOR, SCOTTY.

THIS IS IT, CORINTH. PREACHER TOLD SCOTTY THE MEETING WOULD BE HERE.


I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU INSISTED ON COMING.
THIS COULD BE DANGEROUS AND YOU AREN'T A REPORTER. WHY TAKE THE RISK.
IT'S SIMPLE, Ms. PRESCOTT. I CARE FOR NATHAN AS MUCH AS YOU DO, THE SAME WAY YOU DO.
SORRY TO HEAR THAT. BUT YOU REALLY SHOULD STAY OUT HERE.
sigh. I'M STAYING.

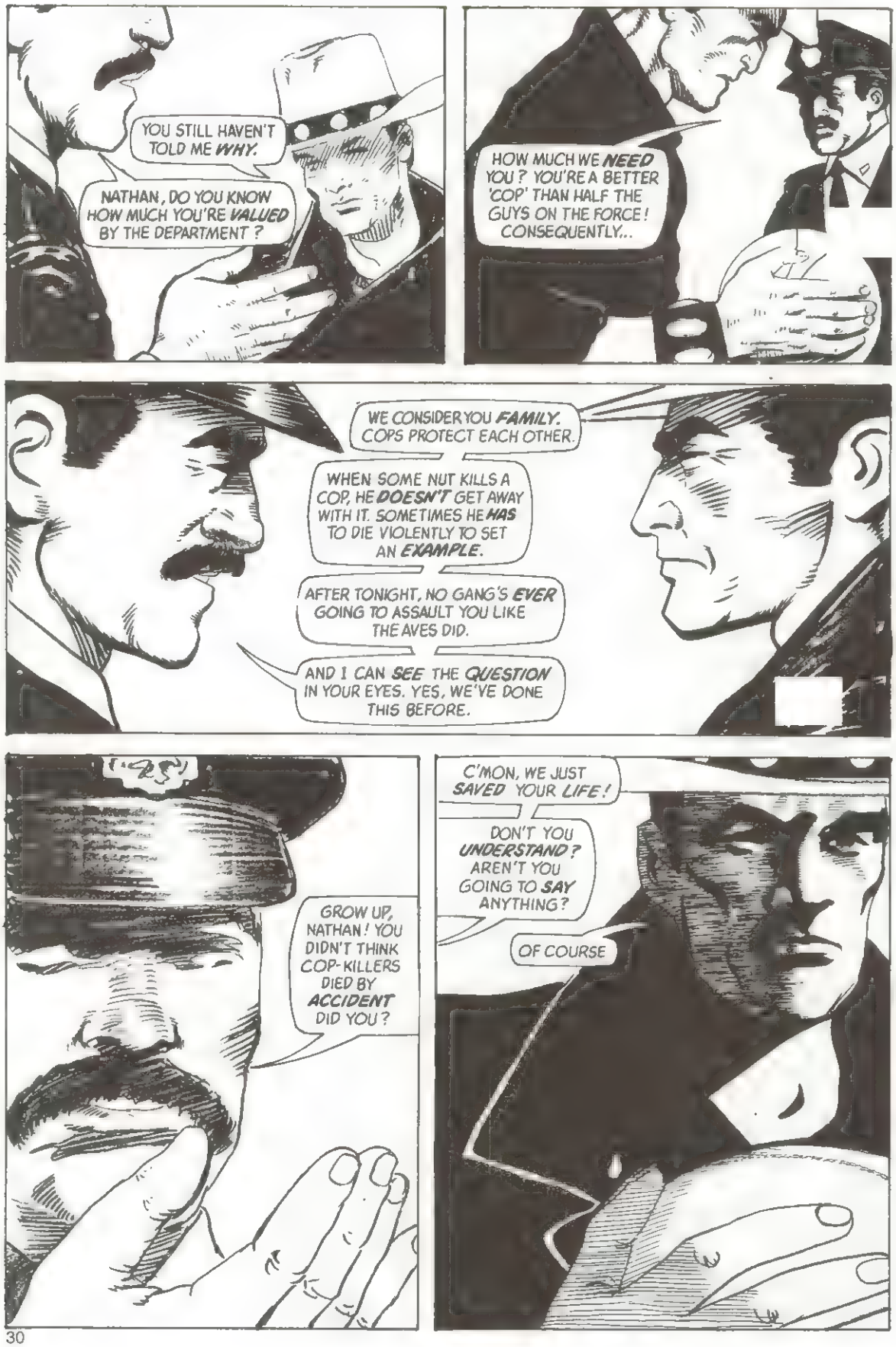

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO IDENTIFYING YOURSELF AS AN OFFICER ?
SOMETIMES THE RULES HAVE TO BE BENT.

'RULES ?' YOU MEAN THE LAW.
I DON'T BELIEVE I'M HEARING THIS, ESPECIALLY FROM YOU.
MUGS ?

it
JOYCE ? WHOA, WHOA, KID-- HOLD IT!
MUGS, WHAT'S GOING ON ? DO I HEAR NATHAN ? IS HE OKAY ?

SURE, SURE, SCOTTY'S IN THERE WITH HIM NOW.
BUT I'M NOT LETTING YOU BY.
YOU LISTEN TO THIS, THOMAS MULLIGAN...

I CALLED YOU AND SCOTT DURBIN AND TOLD YOU ABOUT THIS. I'M AS INVOLVED AS YOU ARE.
THIS ISN'T JUST A NEWS STORY. I CARE ABOUT NATHAN. MOVE!


YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHY.
NATHAN, DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH YOU'RE VALUED BY THE DEPARTMENT?
HOW MUCH WE NEED YOU? YOU'RE A BETTER 'COP' THAN HALF THE GUYS ON THE FORCE! CONSEQUENTLY...
WE CONSIDER YOU FAMILY. COPS PROTECT EACH OTHER.
WHEN SOME NUT KILLS A COP, HE DOESN'T GET AWAY WITH IT. SOMETIMES HE HAS TO DIE VIOLENTLY TO SET AN EXAMPLE.
AFTER TONIGHT, NO GANG'S EVER GOING TO ASSAULT YOU LIKE THE AVES DID.
AND I CAN SEE THE QUESTION IN YOUR EYES. YES, WE'VE DONE THIS BEFORE.
GROW UP, NATHAN! YOU DIDN'T THINK COP-KILLERS DIED BY ACCIDENT DID YOU?
C'MON, WE JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY ANYTHING?
OF COURSE

WHAM!
LEX AV
THANKS.

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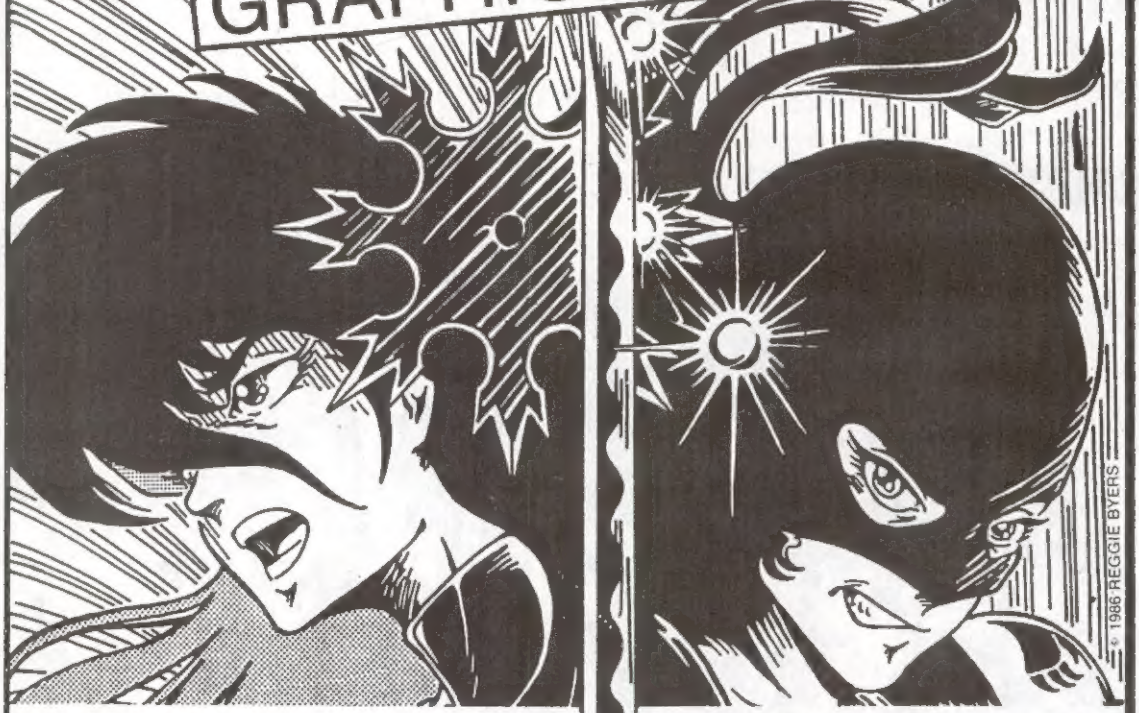

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FIGURE	LOGO	BLACK	WHITE	TAN	S	M	L